



Translation:

Dear, precious pearls that come from the ocean,  
why do you stand between two lips that are mute?  
Go to a mouth that answers:  
O return to the bosom of the waves!

Snows, you who fall upon an alpine cliff,  
why do you remain on that bosom full of pride?  
Find a kinder breast:  
Return to the rough Alps.

Gold, that is the pride of the Indian region,  
why do you so adorn the locks of a faithless face?  
Go to a less severe face:  
O return to the bosom of the mountains.

Blood, that Ciprigna [Venus] has poured on roses,  
who places you, beautiful ?Ostro?, on an ungrateful face?  
Flow to cheeks that are more serene:  
O return to the veins of the Goddess.

Stars, those that shine in her eyes,  
What moved you to add lustre to such wicked eyes?  
Go to eyes that are less haughty:  
O return to the upper spheres.